



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

Cujus et abscissum caput abscissosque lacertos,  
 Et tribus affixos palis pendere cruentos  
*Penda* jubet: per quod reliquis exempta relinquat  
 Terroris manifesta sui, Regemque beatum  
 Esse probet miserum; sed causam fallit utramque,  
 Ultor enim fratri minimè timet *Oswinsillum*,  
 Immo timere facit, nec rex miser, immo beatus  
 Est, qui fonte boni fruitur semel et sine fine.

Thus the place was called *Oswaldstre*, or Oswald's Town\*, and subsequently Oswestry. ◎.

[*To be continued.*]

### ANTHOLOGIANA.—No. I.

UNDER this title we design occasionally to introduce a selection of poetical phrases out of the works of our early bards, for the purpose of presenting to the reader, not so much passages of general poetical merit, as those detached and isolated beauties of expression, which are found, more or less, to characterize the poetry of all countries; and that of Wales possesses many peculiarities in this point of view. If, indeed, it does not glow with all the richness of oriental imagery, it still

within the parish of Oswestrie, whereon one of king Oswald's armes hung, say the neighbours by tradition."

\* *Tre*, or *trev*, in Welsh, signifies a *town*. [Our Correspondent appears to be under a slight mistake in considering the terminal syllable of *Oswaldstre* to be a corruption of the Welsh *trev*: the fact is, that the place is traditionally presumed to derive its name from the event alluded to in the preceding note, and was therefore called *Oswald's Tree*, of which the Welsh name, *Croes Oswallt*, is a literal version, with reference to the purpose for which the tree in question is said to have been used. But it is here proper to mention, that the Welsh accounts are at variance with this tradition; for, according to them, Oswestry owed its original name to Oswael, one of the sons of Cunedda Wledig, a Cumbrian prince of the fourth century, to whom, upon the flight of his family from the North, a considerable territory was allotted in this neighbourhood. And, with respect to the death of Oswald, above mentioned, it is recorded by Bede and other writers, to have taken place at Maserfeld, in Northumberland, and not near Oswestry, according to our correspondent's statement, which, however, is supported by other authorities. How to reconcile these conflicting accounts we know not, and can only, with all due humility, observe with the poet—*non nostrām tantas componere lites*.—ED.]

possesses many charms of phraseology, that are emphatically its own. Occasional energy of feeling, conveyed in a peculiar conciseness and depth of expression, is its most prominent feature, and is, no doubt, the cause that it carries to persons, unacquainted with the language, an air of considerable obscurity. We may hope, however, that even these will not find their attention fatigued by the extracts, which may, from time to time, compose our *ANTHOLOGIANA*, which, as the term implies, will embrace rather some of the scattered flowers of the *AWEN* than the charms of its luxuriant foliage in all their fulness and variety \*.

From the same desire of ingratiating ourselves, as much as possible, with the English reader, we have refrained from prefixing to this article a Welsh title, to which the language presents so many temptations. In fact, there is no characteristic of the Welsh tongue more remarkable than its aptitude for diversifying its expressions to an almost endless variety, a quality, which has already been partially noticed in the *CAMBRO-BRITON* †, and of which we propose hereafter to take a more comprehensive view. Among the many beautiful terms, that might have been adopted on this occasion, as synonymous with *Anthologiana*, are *Ceinion Awen*, Jewels of the Muse, *Teleidion Barddas*, or *Tlysau Barddoni*, Beauties of Bardism, to say nothing of the numerous combinations, that might be formed of such words as *blodionos*, *eirianion*, *eirion*, *mireinion*, *mygrion*, or *thysi*,—all of them not merely particularly expressive, but, in the highest manner, poetical. We have been induced to notice this circumstance, as it happens to be intimately associated with our subject, since it is to the taste and genius of our bards, and especially the more ancient, that this delicate and fertile variety of diction is, in an eminent degree, to be ascribed.

In the prosecution of this subject, the translations will, in all cases, be as literal as possible, leaving the reader to imagine corresponding elegancies of expression in the English ; for,

\* The reader must not imagine, that there is any thing in this observation at variance with the general character of Welsh poetry, given in our last Number, p. 43, *et seq.* What we have now remarked has still reference more to the diction, than to the thoughts, of the Welsh muse.

† See particularly an *Essay on the Ornamental Properties of the Welsh Tongue*, at the beginning of the second volume.

otherwise, he will form no true conception of the original phraseology.

We shall begin with Taliesin, who, celebrating the bravery of Owain ab Urien, says—

*Oedd vál rhwysg tanwydin dros elvydd—*

He was like the course of a meteor over the land.

The same bard describes an army on the march :

—*Eu cleddyvawr*

*Glesynt esgyll gwaur.*

Their sword-blades

Tinged with blue the wings of the dawn.

Aneurin begins a stanza of the Gododin thus—

*Gwyr á aeth Gatraeth gân waur;*

*Digymyrus eu hoed i eu hangenaur:*

*Medd ycynt, melyn, melys, maylawr.*

Men went to Cattraeth with the dawn ;

Unconsoling their absence to those to whom they are necessary :

Mead they drank, yellow, sweet, ensnaring.

Thus, further on—

*Crau cyrchynt, cynnullynt reiawr,*

*Yn gynvan, mât taran turv aesausr.*

To blood they resorted, they collected together spears,

Loud in front, like thunder, the storm of shields.

The same bard thus describes one of his heroes—

*Pan grysiai Cydywal, cynnwyrëai*

*Awr gân wyrdd waur cyn y dodai;*

*Aesawr dellt am bellt á adawai,*

*Parau ryn rwygiad dyggymynai*

*Yn nghad*—

When Cydywal hastened onward, simultaneously rose

The shout with the green dawn ere he laid on ;

Splintered shields about the outskirts he would leave,

Shafts of fearful tearing he would cleave

In conflict.

In bewailing the fallen warriors he speaks thus—

*Byr en hoedl, hir eu hoed àr eu carant,*

*Llawer mam á deigr àr ei hanrant.*

Short their lives, long mourn'd their loss by those who lov'd them :

Many a mother is there with a tear upon her eye-lash.

Merddin thus sings to the apple-trees given him by Gwenddolau, in the woods of Caledonia—

*Avallen beren, burwen o vlodau,  
I a'i hys melys ei havalau.*

Delicious apple-tree, supremely white with blossoms, To those, who eat them, sweet are its apples.

Merddin thus speaks of himself—

*Yn ngwaith Arderydd oedd aur ry ngorthorch,  
Cyn i buy aelaw gân eiliw eleirch.*

In the battle of Arderydd gold was my wreath of pre-eminence, Ere I became slighted by her in hue like swans :

But the most beautiful of all the strains of Merddin is the following couplet, in Trochaics, out of his Hoianau—

*Cafant bawb eu teithi, llawen vi Brython,  
Ceintor corn elwch cathl heddwch a hînon.*

Every body shall obtain his rights, the Brython will be glad, The horn of triumph is sounding the hymn of peace and serenity.

---

### ADVEDDIANT GWYNVA.

---

WE now fulfil our promise, by offering two more specimens of Mr. Harris's Translation of PARADISE REGAINED; and, in order to enable our readers the more readily to appreciate its merits, we shall also transcribe the corresponding passages in the original. The first extract represents the conduct of Satan, after having addressed his “ gloomy consistory,” at the beginning of the first Book :—

“ He ended: and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay  
At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:  
Unanimous they all commit the care  
And management of this main enterprize  
To him their great dictator, whose attempt  
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd  
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,